

The Rover (1675)¹

By Aphra Behn

Introduction

Behn's work should always be read with an eye toward her contemporary political world. She was a Royalist, and her works frequently treat Puritans and democracy roughly. The subtitle "Banish'd Cavaliers" is a reference to the world of exile that the Cavalier forces experienced during the interregnum. Behn based her play on Thomas Killigrew's *Thomaso, or The Wanderer* (1664). She was criticised for this, although her play is superior in wit, and she wrote the Postscript in response to her critics.

The play features multiple plots, dealing with the amorous adventures of a group of Englishmen in Naples at Carnival time. The "rover" of the play's title is Willmore, a rake and naval captain, who falls in love with a young woman named Hellena, who has set out to experience love before her brother sends her to a convent. Complications arise when Angellica Bianca, a famous courtesan who falls in love with Willmore, swears revenge on him for his betrayal. In another plot, Hellena's sister Florinda attempts to marry her true love, Colonel Belvile, rather than the man her brother has selected. The third major plot of the play deals with the provincial Blunt, who becomes convinced that a girl has fallen in love with him but is humiliated when she turns out to be a prostitute and a thief.

Willmore (who may have been a parallel to Charles II or John Wilmot, 2nd Earl of Rochester) proved to be an extremely popular character, and four years later Behn wrote a sequel (Part II).

Prologue

Written by a Person of Quality.

WITS, like Physicians, never can agree,
When of a different Society;
And Rabel's Drops were never more cry'd down
By all the Learned Doctors of the Town,
Than a new Play, whose author is unknown:
Nor can those Doctors with more Malice sue
(And powerful Purses) the dissenting Few,
Than those with an insulting Pride do rail
At all who are not of their own Cabal.
If a Young Poet hit your Humour right,
You judge him then out of Revenge and Spite;
So amongst Men there are ridiculous Elves,
Who Monkeys hate for being too like themselves:
So that the Reason of the Grand Debate,
Why Wit so oft is damn'd, when good Plays take,
Is, that you censure as you love or hate.
Thus, like a learned Conclave, Poets sit
Catholick Judges both of Sense and Wit,
And damn or save, as they themselves think fit.
Yet those who to others Faults are so severe,

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Are not so perfect, but themselves may err.
 Some write correct indeed, but then the whole
 (Bating their own dull Stuff i'th' Play) is stole:
 As Bees do suck from Flowers their Honey-dew,
 So they rob others, striving to please you.
 Some write their Characters genteel and fine,
 But then they do so toil for every Line,
 That what to you does easy seem, and plain,
 Is the hard issue of their labouring Brain.
 And some th' Effects of all their Pains we see,
 Is but to mimick good Extempore.
 Others by long Converse about the Town,
 Have Wit enough to write a leud Lampon,
 But their chief Skill lies in a Baudy Song.
 In short, the only Wit that's now in Fashion
 Is but the Gleanings of good Conversation.
 As for the Author of this coming Play,
 I ask'd him what he thought fit I should say,
 In thanks for your good Company to day:
 He call'd me Fool, and said it was well known,
 You came not here for our sakes, but your own.
 New Plays are stuffed with Wits, and with Debauches,
 That croud and sweat like Cits in May-day Coaches.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

Don Antonio, the Vice-Roy's Son,	Mr. Jevorne.
Don Pedro, a Noble Spaniard, his Friend,	Mr. Medburne.

Belvile, an English Colonel in love with Florinda,	Mr. Betterton.
Willmore, the ROVER,	Mr. Smith.
Frederick, an English Gentleman, and Friend to Belvile and Blunt,	Mr. Crosbie.
Blunt, an English Country Gentleman,	Mr. Underhill.
Stephano, Servant to Don Pedro,	Mr. Richards.
Philippo, Lucetta's Gallant,	Mr. Percival.
Sancho, Pimp to Lucetta,	Mr. John Lee.
Bisky and Sebastian, two Bravoes to Angelica.	
Diego, Page to Don Antonio.	
Page to Hellena.	
Boy, Page to Belvile.	
Blunt's Man.	
Officers and Soldiers.	
WOMEN.	
Florinda, Sister to Don Pedro,	Mrs. Betterton
Hellena, a gay young Woman design'd for a Nun, and Sister to Florinda,	Mrs. Barrey.
Valeria, a Kinswoman to Florinda,	Mrs. Hughes.
Angelica Bianca, a famous Curtezan,	Mrs. Gwin.
Moretta, her Woman,	Mrs. Leigh.
Callis, Governess to Florinda and Hellena,	Mrs. Norris.
Lucetta, a jilting Wench,	Mrs. Gillow.
Servants, other Masqueraders, Men and Women.	

Scene: Naples, in Carnival-time.

Act I.

Scene I. A chamber.

Enter Florinda and Hellena.

Florinda. What an impertinent thing is a young Girl bred in a Nunnery! How full of Questions! Prithee no more, Hellena; I have told thee more than thou understand'st already.

Hellena. The more's my Grief; I wou'd fain know as much as you, which makes me so inquisitive; nor is't enough to know you're a Lover, unless you tell me too, who 'tis you sigh for.

Florinda. When you are a Lover, I'll think you fit for a Secret of that nature.

Hellena. 'Tis true, I was never a Lover yet — but I begin to have a shreud Guess, what 'tis to be so, and fancy it very pretty to sigh, and sing, and blush and wish, and dream and wish, and long and wish to see the Man; and when I do, look pale and tremble; just as you did when my Brother brought home the fine English Colonel to see you — what do you call him? Don Belvile.

Florinda. Fie, Hellena.

Hellena. That Blush betrays you — I am sure 'tis so — or is it Don Antonio the Vice-Roy's Son? — or perhaps the rich Don

Vincentio, whom my father designs for your Husband? — Why do you blush again?

Florinda. With Indignation; and how near soever my Father thinks I am to marrying that hated Object, I shall let him see I understand better what's due to my beauty Birth and Fortune, and more to my Soul, than to obey those unjust Commands.

Hellena. Now hang me, if I don't love thee for that dear Disobedience. I love Mischief strangely, as most of our Sex do, who are come to love nothing else — But tell me, dear Florinda, don't you love that fine Anglese? — For I vow next to loving him my self, 'twill please me most that you do so, for he is so gay and so handsom.

Florinda. Hellena, a Maid design'd for a Nun ought not to be so curious in a Discourse of Love.

Hellena. And dost thou think that ever I'll be a Nun? Or at least till I'm so old, I'm fit for nothing else. Faith no, Sister; and that which makes me long to know whether you love Belvile, is because I hope he has some mad Companion or other, that will spoil my Devotion; nay I'm resolv'd to provide my self this Carnival, if there be e'er a handsom Fellow of my Humour above Ground, tho I ask first.

Florinda. Prithee be not so wild.

Hellena. Now you have provided your self with a Man, you take no Care for poor me — Prithee tell me, what dost thou see about me that is unfit for Love — have not I a world of Youth? a Humor gay? a Beauty passable? a Vigour desirable? well shap'd? clean limb'd? sweet breath'd? and Sense enough to

know how all these ought to be employ'd to the best Advantage: yes, I do and will. Therefore lay aside your Hopes of my Fortune, by my being a Devotee, and tell me how you came acquainted with this Belvile; for I perceive you knew Him before he came to Naples.

Florinda. Yes, I knew him at the Siege of Pampelona, he was then a Colonel of French Horse, who when the Town was ransack'd, nobly treated my Brother and my self, preserving us from all Insolencies; and I must own, (besides great Obligations) I have I know not what, that pleads kindly for him about my Heart, and will suffer no other to enter — But see my Brother.

Enter Don Pedro, Stephano, with a Masquing Habit, and Callis.

Pedro. Good morrow, Sister. Pray, when saw you your Lover Don Vincentio?

Florinda. I know not, Sir — Callis, when was he here? for I consider it so little, I know not when it was.

Pedro. I have a Command from my Father here to tell you, you ought not to despise him, a Man of so vast a Fortune, and such a Passion for you — Stephano, my things — *[Puts on his Masquing Habit.]*

Florinda. A Passion for me! 'tis more than e'er I saw, or had a desire should be shown — I hate Vincentio, and I would not have a Man so dear to me as my Brother follow the ill Customs

of our Country, and make a Slave of his Sister — And Sir, my Father's Will, I'm sure, you may divert.

Pedro. I know not how dear I am to you, but I wish only to be rank'd in your Esteem, equal with the English Colonel Belvile — Why do you frown and blush? Is there any Guilt belongs to the Name of that Cavalier?

Florinda. I'll not deny I value Belvile: when I was expos'd to such Dangers as the licens'd Lust of common Soldiers threatned, when Rage and Conquest flew thro the City — then Belvile, this Criminal for my sake, threw himself into all Dangers to save my Honour, and will you not allow him my Esteem?

Pedro. Yes, pay him what you will in Honour — but you must consider Don Vincentio's Fortune, and the Jointure he'll make you.

Florinda. Let him consider my Youth, Beauty and Fortune; which ought not to be thrown away on his Age and Jointure.

Pedro. 'Tis true, he's not so young and fine a Gentleman as that Belvile — but what jewels will that Cavalier present you with? those of his Eyes and Heart?

Hellena. And are not those better than any Don Vincentio has brought from the Indies?

Pedro. Why how now! Has your Nunnery-breeding taught you to understand the Value of Hearts and Eyes?

Hellena. Better than to believe Vincentio deserves Value from any woman — He may perhaps encrease her Bags, but not her Family.

Pedro. This is fine — Go up to your Devotion, you are not design'd for the Conversation of Lovers.

Hellena. Nor Saints yet a while I hope. [*Aside.*] Is't not enough you make a Nun of me, but you must cast my Sister away too, exposing her to a worse confinement than a religious Life?

Pedro. The Girl's mad — Is it a Confinement to be carry'd into the Country, to an ancient Villa belonging to the Family of the Vincentio's these five hundred Years, and have no other Prospect than that pleasing one of seeing all her own that meets her Eyes — a fine Air, large Fields and Gardens, where she may walk and gather Flowers?

Hellena. When? By Moon-Light? For I'm sure she dares not encounter with the heat of the Sun; that were a Task only for Don Vincentio and his Indian Breeding, who loves it in the Dog-days — And if these be her daily Divertisements, what are those of the Night? to lie in a wide Moth-eaten Bed-Chamber with Furniture in Fashion in the Reign of King Sancho the First; the Bed that which his Forefathers liv'd and dy'd in.

Pedro. Very well.

Hellena. This Apartment (new furbisht and fitted out for the young Wife) he (out of Freedom) makes his Dressing-room; and being a frugal and a jealous Coxcomb, instead of a Valet to

uncase his feeble Carcase, he desires you to do that Office — Signs of Favour, I'll assure you, and such as you must not hope for, unless your Woman be out of the way.

Pedro. Have you done yet?

Hellena. That Honour being past, the Giant stretches it self, yawns and sighs a Belch or two as loud as a Musket, throws himself into Bed, and expects you in his foul Sheets, and e'er you can get your self undrest, calls you with a Snore or two — And are not these fine Blessings to a young Lady?

Pedro. Have you done yet?

Hellena. And this man you must kiss, nay, you must kiss nay but him too — and nuzle thro his Beard to find his Lips — and this you must submit to for threescore Years, and all for a Jointure.

Pedro. For all your Character of Don Vincentio she is as like to marry him as she was before.

Hellena. Marry Don Vincentio! hang me, such a Wedlock would be worse than Adultery with another Man: I had rather see her in the Hostel de Dieu, to waste her Youth there in Vows, and be a Handmaid to Lazars and Cripples, than to lose it in such a Marriage.

Pedro. You have consider'd, Sister, that Belvile has no Fortune to bring you to, is banisht his Country, despis'd at home, and pity'd abroad.

Hellena.What then? the Vice–Roy’s Son is better than that Old Sir Fisty. Don Vincentio! Don Indian! he thinks he’s trading to Gambo still, and wou’d barter himself (that Bell and Bawble) for your Youth and Fortune.

Pedro.Callis, take her hence, and lock her up all this Carnival, and at Lent she shall begin her everlasting Penance in a Monastery.

Hellena.I care not, I had rather be a Nun, than be oblig’d to marry as you wou’d have me, if I were design’d for’t.

Pedro.Do not fear the Blessing of that Choice — you shall be a Nun.

Hellena.Shall I so? you may chance to be mistaken in my way of Devotion — A Nun! yes I am like to make a fine Nun! I have an excellent Humour for a Grate: No, I’ll have a Saint of my own to pray to shortly, if I like any that dares venture on me. *[Aside.]*

Pedro.Callis, make it your Business to watch this wild Cat. As for you, Florinda, I’ve only try’d you all this while, and urg’d my Father’s Will; but mine is, that you would love Antonio, he is brave and young, and all that can compleat the Happiness of a gallant Maid — This Absence of my Father will give us opportunity to free you from Vincentio, by marrying here, which you must do to morrow.
Florinda.To morrow!

Pedro.To morrow, or ’twill be too late — ’tis not my Friendship to Antonio, which makes me urge this, but Love to thee, and Hatred to Vincentio — therefore resolve upon’t to morrow.

Florinda.Sir, I shall strive to do, as shall become your Sister.

Pedro.I’ll both believe and trust you — Adieu.

[Ex. Ped. and Steph.]

Hellena.As become his Sister! — That is, to be as resolved your way, as he is his —

[Hell. goes to Callis.]

Florinda.I ne’er till now perceiv’d my Ruin near, I’ve no Defence against Antonio’s Love, For he has all the Advantages of Nature, The moving Arguments of Youth and Fortune.

Hellena.But hark you, Callis, you will not be so cruel to lock me up indeed: will you?

Callis.I must obey the Commands I hate — besides, do you consider what a Life you are going to lead?

Hellena.Yes, Callis, that of a Nun: and till then I’ll be indebted a World of Prayers to you, if you let me now see, what I never did, the Divertisements of a Carnival.

Callis. What, go in Masquerade? 'twill be a fine farewell to the World I take it — pray what wou'd you do there?

Hellena. That which all the World does, as I am told, be as mad as the rest, and take all innocent Freedom — Sister, you'll go too, will you not? come prithee be not sad — We'll out-wit twenty Brothers, if you'll be ruled by me — Come put off this dull Humour with your Clothes, and assume one as gay, and as fantastick as the Dress my Cousin Valeria and I have provided, and let's ramble.

Florinda. Callis, will you give us leave to go?

Callis. I have a youthful Itch of going my self. *[Aside.]* — Madam, if I thought your Brother might not know it, and I might wait on you, for by my troth I'll not trust young Girls alone.

Florinda. Thou see'st my Brother's gone already and thou shalt attend and watch us.

Enter Stephano.

Stephano. Madam, the Habits are come, and your Cousin Valeria is drest, and stays for you.

Florinda. 'Tis well — I'll write a Note, and if I chance to see Belvile, and want an opportunity to speak to him, that shall let him know what I've resolv'd in favour of him.

Hellena. Come, let's in and dress us.

[Exeunt.]

Scene II. A Long Street.

Enter Belvile, melancholy, Blunt and Frederick.

Frederick. Why, what the Devil ails the Colonel, in a time when all the World is gay, to look like mere Lent thus? Hadst thou been long enough in Naples to have been in love, I should have sworn some such Judgment had befall'n thee.

Belvile. No, I have made no new Amours since I came to Naples.

Frederick. You have left none behind you in Paris.

Belvile. Neither.

Frederick. I can't divine the Cause then; unless the old Cause, the want of Mony.

Blunt. And another old Cause, the want of a Wench — Wou'd not that revive you?

Belvile. You're mistaken, Ned.

Blunt. Nay, 'Sheartlikins, then thou art past Cure.

Frederick. I have found it out; thou hast renew'd thy Acquaintance with the Lady that cost thee so many Sighs at the Siege of Pampelona — pox on't, what d'ye call her — her

Brother's a noble Spaniard — Nephew to the dead General —
Florinda — ay, Florinda — And will nothing serve thy turn but
that damn'd virtuous Woman, whom on my Conscience thou
lov'st in spite too, because thou seest little or no possibility of
gaining her?

Belvile.Thou art mistaken, I have Interest enough in that lovely
Virgin's Heart, to make me proud and vain, were it not abated
by the Severity of a Brother, who perceiving my Happiness —

Frederick.Has civilly forbid thee the House?

Belvile.'Tis so, to make way for a powerful Rival, the Vice-
Roy's Son, who has the advantage of me, in being a Man of
Fortune, a Spaniard, and her Brother's Friend; which gives him
liberty to make his Court, whilst I have recourse only to
Letters, and distant Looks from her Window, which are as soft
and kind as those which Heav'n sends down on Penitents.

Blunt.Hey day! 'Sheartlikins, Simile! by this Light the Man is
quite spoil'd — Frederick, what the Devil are we made of, that
we cannot be thus concerned for a Wench? —'Sheartlikins, our
Cupids are like the Cooks of the Camp, they can roast or boil a
Woman, but they have none of the fine Tricks to set 'em off,
no Hogoes to make the Sauce pleasant, and the Stomach sharp.

Frederick.I dare swear I have had a hundred as young, kind and
handsom as this Florinda; and Dogs eat me, if they were not as
troublesom to me i'th' Morning, as they were welcome o'er
night.

Blunt.And yet, I warrant, he wou'd not touch another Woman,
if he might have her for nothing.

Belvile.That's thy joy, a cheap Whore.

Blunt.Why, 'dsheartlikins, I love a frank Soul — When did you
ever hear of an honest Woman that took a Man's Mony? I
warrant 'em good ones — But, Gentlemen, you may be free,
you have been kept so poor with Parliaments and Protectors,
that the little Stock you have is not worth preserving — but I
thank my Stars, I have more Grace than to forfeit my Estate by
Cavaliering.

Belvile.Methinks only following the Court should be sufficient
to entitle 'em to that.

Blunt.'Sheartlikins, they know I follow it to do it no good,
unless they pick a hole in my Coat for lending you Mony now
and then; which is a greater Crime to my Conscience,
Gentlemen, than to the Common-wealth.

Enter Willmore.

Willmore.Ha! dear Belvile! noble Colonel!

Belvile.Willmore! welcome ashore, my dear Rover! — what
happy Wind blew us this good Fortune?

Willmore.Let me salute you my dear Fred, and then command
me — How is't honest Lad?

Frederick. Faith, Sir, the old Complement, infinitely the better to see my dear mad Willmore again — Prithee why camest thou ashore? and where's the Prince?

Willmore. He's well, and reigns still Lord of the watery Element — I must aboard again within a Day or two, and my Business ashore was only to enjoy my self a little this Carnival.

Belvile. Pray know our new Friend, Sir, he's but bashful, a raw Traveller, but honest, stout, and one of us. *[Embraces Blunt.]*

Willmore. That you esteem him, gives him an interest here.

Blunt. Your Servant, Sir.

Willmore. But well — Faith I'm glad to meet you again in a warm Climate, where the kind Sun has its god-like Power still over the Wine and Woman. — Love and Mirth are my Business in Naples; and if I mistake not the Place, here's an excellent Market for Chapmen of my Humour.

Belvile. See here be those kind Merchants of Love you look for.

Enter several Men in masquing Habits, some playing on Musick, others dancing after; Women drest like Curtezans, with Papers pinn'd to their Breasts, and Baskets of Flowers in their Hands.

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, what have we here!

Frederick. Now the Game begins.

Willmore. Fine pretty Creatures! may a stranger have leave to look and love? — What's here — Roses for every Month! *[Reads the Paper.]*

Blunt. Roses for every Month! what means that?

Belvile. They are, or wou'd have you think they're Curtezans, who here in Naples are to be hir'd by the Month.

Willmore. Kind and obliging to inform us — Pray where do these Roses grow? I would fain plant some of 'em in a Bed of mine.

Woman. Beware such Roses, Sir.

Willmore. A Pox of fear: I'll be bak'd with thee between a pair of Sheets, and that's thy proper Still, so I might but strow such Roses over me and under me — Fair one, wou'd you wou'd give me leave to gather at your Bush this idle Month, I wou'd go near to make some Body smell of it all the Year after.

Belvile. And thou hast need of such a Remedy, for thou stinkest of Tar and Rope-ends, like a Dock or Pesthouse.

[The Woman puts her self into the Hands of a Man, and Exit.]

Willmore. Nay, nay, you shall not leave me so.

Belvile. By all means use no Violence here.

Willmore.Death! just as I was going to be damnably in love, to have her led off! I could pluck that Rose out of his Hand, and even kiss the Bed, the Bush it grew in.

Frederick.No Friend to Love like a long Voyage at Sea.

Blunt.Except a Nunnery, Fred.

Willmore.Death! but will they not be kind, quickly be kind? Thou know'st I'm no tame Sigher, but a rampant Lion of the Forest.

Two Men drest all over with Horns of several sorts, making Grimaces at one another, with Papers pinn'd on their Backs, advance from the farther end of the Scene.

Belvile.Oh the fantastical Rogues, how they are dress'd! 'tis a Satir against the whole Sex.

Willmore.Is this a Fruit that grows in this warm Country?

Belvile.Yes: 'Tis pretty to see these Italian start, swell, and stab at the Word Cuckold, and yet stumble at Horns on every Threshold.

Willmore.See what's on their Back — Flowers for every Night. [*Reads.*]— Ah Rogue! And more sweet than Roses of ev'ry Month! This is a Gardiner of Adam's own breeding. [*They dance.*]

Belvile.What think you of those grave People? — is a Wake in Essex half so mad or extravagant?

Willmore.I like their sober grave way, 'tis a kind of legal authoriz'd Fornication, where the Men are not chid for't, nor the Women despis'd, as amongst our dull English; even the Monsieurs want that part of good Manners.

Belvile.But here in Italy a Monsieur is the humblest best-bred Gentleman — Duels are so baffled by Bravo's that an age shews not one, but between a Frenchman and a Hang-man, who is as much too hard for him on the Piazza, as they are for a Dutchman on the new Bridge — But see another Crew.

Enter Florinda, Hellena, and Valeria, drest like Gipsies; Callis and Stephano, Lucetta, Philippo and Sancho in Masquerade.

Hellena.Sister, there's your Englishman, and with him a handsom proper Fellow — I'll to him, and instead of telling him his Fortune, try my own.

Willmore.Gipsies, on my Life — Sure these will prattle if a Man cross their Hands. [*Goes to Hellena*] — Dear pretty (and I hope) young Devil, will you tell an amorous Stranger what Luck he's like to have?

Hellena.Have a care how you venture with me, Sir, lest I pick your Pocket, which will more vex your English Humour, than an Italian Fortune will please you.

Willmore. How the Devil cam'st thou to know my Country and Humour?

Hellena. The first I guess by a certain forward Impudence, which does not displease me at this time; and the Loss of your Money will vex you, because I hope you have but very little to lose.

Willmore. Egad Child, thou'rt i'th' right; it is so little, I dare not offer it thee for a Kindness — But cannot you divine what other things of more value I have about me, that I would more willingly part with?

Hellena. Indeed no, that's the Business of a Witch, and I am but a Gipsy yet — Yet, without looking in your Hand, I have a parlous Guess, 'tis some foolish Heart you mean, an inconstant English Heart, as little worth stealing as your Purse.

Willmore. Nay, then thou dost deal with the Devil, that's certain — Thou hast guess'd as right as if thou hadst been one of that Number it has languisht for — I find you'll be better acquainted with it; nor can you take it in a better time, for I am come from Sea, Child; and Venus not being propitious to me in her own Element, I have a world of Love in store — Wou'd you would be good-natur'd, and take some on't off my Hands.

Hellena. Why — I could be inclin'd that way — but for a foolish Vow I am going to make — to die a Maid.

Willmore. Then thou art damn'd without Redemption; and as I am a good Christian, I ought in charity to divert so wicked a

Design — therefore prithee, dear Creature, let me know quickly when and where I shall begin to set a helping hand to so good a Work.

Hellena. If you should prevail with my tender Heart (as I begin to fear you will, for you have horrible loving Eyes) there will be difficulty in't that you'll hardly undergo for my sake.

Willmore. Faith, Child, I have been bred in Dangers, and wear a Sword that has been employ'd in a worse Cause, than for a handsom kind Woman — Name the Danger — let it be any thing but a long Siege, and I'll undertake it.

Hellena. Can you storm?

Willmore. Oh, most furiously.

Hellena. What think you of a Nunnery-wall? for he that wins me, must gain that first.

Willmore. A Nun! Oh how I love thee for't! there's no Sinner like a young Saint — Nay, now there's no denying me: the old Law had no Curse (to a Woman) like dying a Maid; witness

Jephtha's Daughter.

Hellena. A very good Text this, if well handled; and I perceive, Father Captain, you would impose no severe Penance on her who was inclin'd to console her self before she took Orders.

Willmore. If she be young and handsom.

Hellena. Ay, there's it — but if she be not —

Willmore. By this Hand, Child, I have an implicit Faith, and dare venture on thee with all Faults — besides, 'tis more meritorious to leave the World when thou hast tasted and prov'd the Pleasure on't; then 'twill be a Virtue in thee, which now will be pure Ignorance.

Hellena. I perceive, good Father Captain, you design only to make me fit for Heaven — but if on the contrary you should quite divert me from it, and bring me back to the World again, I should have a new Man to seek I find; and what a grief that will be — for when I begin, I fancy I shall love like any thing: I never try'd yet.

Willmore. Egad, and that's kind — Prithee, dear Creature, give me Credit for a Heart, for faith, I'm a very honest Fellow — Oh, I long to come first to the Banquet of Love; and such a swinging Appetite I bring — Oh, I'm impatient. Thy Lodging, Sweetheart, thy Lodging, or I'm a dead man.

Hellena. Why must we be either guilty of Fornication or Murder, if we converse With you Men? — And is there no difference between leave to love me, and leave to lie with me?

Willmore. Faith, Child, they were made to go together.

Lucetta. Are you sure this is the Man? [*Pointing to Blunt.*]

Sancho. When did I mistake your Game?

Lucetta. 'This is a stranger, I know by his gazing; if he be brisk he'll venture to follow me; and then, if I understand my Trade, he's mine: he's English too, and they say that's a sort of good natur'd loving People, and have generally so kind an opinion of themselves, that a Woman with any Wit may flatter 'em into any sort of Fool she pleases.

Blunt. 'Tis so — she is taken — I have Beauties which my false Glass at home did not discover.

[She often passes by Blunt and gazes on him; he struts, and cocks, and walks, and gazes on her.]

Florinda. This Woman watches me so, I shall get no Opportunity to discover my self to him, and so miss the intent of my coming — But as I was saying, Sir — by this Line you should be a Lover. [*Looking in his Hand.*]

Belvile. I thought how right you guess'd, all Men are in love, or pretend to be so — Come, let me go, I'm weary of this fooling. [*Walks away.*]

Florinda. I will not, till you have confess'd whether the Passion that you have vow'd Florinda be true or false. [*She holds him, he strives to get from her.*]

Belvile. Florinda! [*Turns quick towards her.*]

Florinda. Softly.

Belvile.Thou hast nam'd one will fix me here for ever.

Florinda.She'll be disappointed then, who expects you this Night at the Garden-gate, and if you'll fail not — as let me see the other Hand — you will go near to do — she vows to die or make you happy. [*Looks on Callis, who observes 'em.*]

Belvile.What canst thou mean?

Florinda.That which I say — Farewel. [*Offers to go.*]

Belvile.Oh charming Sybil, stay, complete that Joy, which, as it is, will turn into Distraction! — Where must I be? at the Garden — gate? I know it — at night you say — I'll sooner forfeit Heaven than disobey.

Enter Don Pedro and other Masquers, and pass over the Stage.

Callis.Madam, your Brother's here.

Florinda.Take this to instruct you farther.

[*Gives him a Letter, and goes off.*]

Frederick.Have a care, Sir, what you promise; this may be a Trap laid by her Brother to ruin you.

Belvile.Do not disturb my Happiness with Doubts. [*Opens the Letter.*]

Willmore.My dear pretty Creature, a Thousand Blessings on thee; still in this Habit, you say, and after Dinner at this Place.

Hellena.Yes, if you will swear to keep your Heart, and not bestow it between this time and that.

Willmore.By all the little Gods of Love I swear, I'll leave it with you; and if you run away with it, those Deities of Justice will revenge me.

[*Ex. all the Women except Lucetta.*]

Frederick.Do you know the Hand?

Belvile.'Tis Florinda's. All Blessings fall upon the virtuous Maid.

Frederick.Nay, no Idolatry, a sober Sacrifice I'll allow you.

Belvile.Oh Friends! the welcom'st News, the softest Letter! — nay, you shall see it; and could you now be serious, I might be made the happiest Man the Sun shines on.

Willmore.The Reason of this mighty Joy.

Belvile.See how kindly she invites me to deliver her from the threaten'd Violence of her Brother — will you not assist me?

Willmore.I know not what thou mean'st, but I'll make one at any Mischief where a Woman's concern'd — but she'll be grateful to us for the Favour, will she not?

Belvile.How mean you?

Willmore.How should I mean? Thou know'st there's but one way for a Woman to oblige me.

Belvile.Don't prophane — the Maid is nicely virtuous.

Willmore.Who pox, then she's fit for nothing but a Husband; let her e'en go, Colonel.

Frederick.Peace, she's the Colonel's Mistress, Sir.

Willmore.Let her be the Devil; if she be thy Mistress, I'll serve her — name the way.

Belvile.Read here this Postcript. [*Gives him a Letter.*]

Willmore.[*Reads.*] At Ten at night — at the Garden-Gate — of which, if I cannot get the Key, I will contrive a way over the Wall — come attended with a Friend or two. — Kind heart, if we three cannot weave a String to let her down a Garden-Wall, 'twere pity but the Hangman wove one for us all.

Frederick.Let her alone for that: your Woman's Wit, your fair kind Woman, will out-trick a Brother or a Jew, and contrive like a Jesuit in Chains — but see, Ned Blunt is stoln out after the Lure of a Damsel.

[*Ex. Blunt and Lucet.*]

Belvile.So he'll scarce find his way home again, unless we get him cry'd by the Bell-man in the Market-place, and 'twou'd sound prettily — a lost English Boy of Thirty.

Frederick.I hope 'tis some common crafty Sinner, one that will fit him; it may be she'll sell him for Peru, the Rogue's sturdy and would work well in a Mine; at least I hope she'll dress him for our Mirth; cheat him of all, then have him well-favour'dly bang'd, and turn'd out naked at Midnight.

Willmore.Prithee what Humor is he of, that you wish him so well?

Belvile.Why, of an English Elder Brother's Humour, educated in a Nursery, with a Maid to tend him till Fifteen, and lies with his Grand-mother till he's of Age; one that knows no Pleasure beyond riding to the next Fair, or going up to London with his right Worshipful Father in Parliament-time; wearing gay Clothes, or making honourable Love to his Lady Mother's Landry-Maid; gets drunk at a Hunting-Match, and ten to one then gives some Proofs of his Prowess — A pox upon him, he's our Banker, and has all our Cash about him, and if he fail we are all broke.

Frederick.Oh let him alone for that matter, he's of a damn'd stingy Quality, that will secure our Stock. I know not in what Danger it were indeed, if the Jilt should pretend she's in love with him, for 'tis a kind believing Coxcomb; otherwise if he part with more than a Piece of Eight — geld him: for which offer he may chance to be beaten, if she be a Whore of the first Rank.

Belvile. Nay the Rogue will not be easily beaten, he's stout enough; perhaps if they talk beyond his Capacity, he may chance to exercise his Courage upon some of them; else I'm sure they'll find it as difficult to beat as to please him.

Willmore. 'Tis a lucky Devil to light upon so kind a Wench!

Frederick. Thou hadst a great deal of talk with thy little Gipsy, could'st thou do no good upon her? for mine was hard-hearted.

Willmore. Hang her, she was some damn'd honest Person of Quality, I'm sure, she was so very free and witty. If her Face be but answerable to her Wit and Humour, I would be bound to Constancy this Month to gain her. In the mean time have you made no kind Acquaintance since you came to Town? — You do not use to be honest so long, Gentlemen.

Frederick. Faith Love has kept us honest, we have been all fir'd with a Beauty newly come to Town, the famous Paduana Angelica Bianca.

Willmore. What, the Mistress of the dead Spanish General?

Belvile. Yes, she's now the only ador'd Beauty of all the Youth in Naples, who put on all their Charms to appear lovely in her sight, their Coaches, Liveries, and themselves, all gay, as on a Monarch's Birth-Day, to attract the Eyes of this fair Charmer, while she has the Pleasure to behold all languish for her that see her.

Frederick. 'Tis pretty to see with how much Love the Men regard her, and how much Envy the Women.

Willmore. What Gallant has she?

Belvile. None, she's exposed to Sale, and four Days in the Week she's yours — for so much a Month.

Willmore. The very Thought of it quenches all manner of Fire in me — yet prithee let's see her.

Belvile. Let's first to Dinner, and after that we'll pass the Day as you please — but at Night ye must all be at my Devotion.

Willmore. I will not fail you.

[Exeunt.]

Act II.

Scene I. The Long Street.

Enter Belvile and Frederick in Masquing-Habits, and Willmore in his own Clothes, with a Vizard in his Hand.

Willmore. But why thus disguis'd and muzzl'd?

Belvile. Because whatever Extravagances we commit in these Faces, our own may not be oblig'd to answer 'em.

Willmore. I should have chang'd my Eternal Buff too: but no matter, my little Gipsy wou'd not have found me out then: for if she should change hers, it is impossible I should know her,

unless I should hear her prattle — A Pox on't, I cannot get her out of my Head: Pray Heaven, if ever I do see her again, she prove damnable ugly, that I may fortify my self against her Tongue.

Belvile.Have a care of Love, for o' my conscience she was not of a Quality to give thee any hopes.

Willmore.Pox on 'em, why do they draw a Man in then? She has play'd with my Heart so, that 'twill never lie still till I have met with some kind Wench, that will play the Game out with me — Oh for my Arms full of soft, white, kind — Woman! such as I fancy Angelica.

Belvile.This is her House, if you were but in stock to get admittance; they have not din'd yet; I perceive the Picture is not out.

Enter Blunt.

Willmore.I long to see the Shadow of the fair Substance, a Man may gaze on that for nothing.

Blunt.Colonel, thy Hand — and thine, Fred. I have been an Ass, a deluded Fool, a very Coxcomb from my Birth till this Hour, and heartily repent my little Faith.

Belvile.What the Devil's the matter with thee Ned?

Blunt.Oh such a Mistress, Fred. such a Girl!

Willmore.Ha! where? Fred. Ay where!

Blunt.So fond, so amorous, so toying and fine! and all for sheer Love, ye Rogue! Oh how she lookt and kiss'd! and sooth'd my Heart from my Bosom. I cannot think I was awake, and yet methinks I see and feel her Charms still — Fred. — Try if she have not left the Taste of her balmy Kisses upon my Lips — [*Kisses him.*]

Belvile.Ha, ha, ha! Will. Death Man, where is she?

Blunt.What a Dog was I to stay in dull England so long — How have I laught at the Colonel when he sigh'd for Love! but now the little Archer has reveng'd him, and by his own Dart, I can guess at all his Joys, which then I took for Fancies, mere Dreams and Fables — Well, I'm resolved to sell all in Essex, and plant here for ever.

Belvile.What a Blessing 'tis, thou hast a Mistress thou dar'st boast of; for I know thy Humour is rather to have a proclaim'd Clap, than a secret Amour.

Willmore.Dost know her Name?

Blunt.Her Name? No, 'sheartlikins: what care I for Names? — She's fair, young, brisk and kind, even to ravishment: and what a Pox care I for knowing her by another Title?

Willmore.Didst give her anything?

Blunt. Give her! — Ha, ha, ha! why, she's a Person of Quality — That's a good one, give her! 'sheartlikins dost think such Creatures are to be bought? Or are we provided for such a Purchase? Give her, quoth ye? Why she presented me with this Bracelet, for the Toy of a Diamond I us'd to wear: No, Gentlemen, Ned Blunt not every Body — She expects me again to night.

Willmore. Egad that's well; we'll all go.

Blunt. Not a Soul: No, Gentlemen, you are Wits; I am a dull Country Rogue, I.

Frederick. Well, Sir, for all your Person of Quality, I shall be very glad to understand your Purse be secure; 'tis our whole Estate at present, which we are loth to hazard in one Bottom: come, Sir, unload.

Blunt. Take the necessary Trifle, useless now to me, that am belov'd by such a Gentlewoman — 'sheartlikins Money! Here take mine too.

Frederick. No, keep that to be cozen'd, that we may laugh.

Willmore. Cozen'd! — Death! wou'd I cou'd meet with one, that wou'd cozen me of all the Love I cou'd spare to night.

Frederick. Pox 'tis some common Whore upon my Life.

Blunt. A Whore! yes with such Clothes! such Jewels! such a House! such Furniture, and so attended! a Whore!

Belvile. Why yes, Sir, they are Whores, tho they'll neither entertain you with Drinking, Swearing, or Baudy; are Whores in all those gay Clothes, and right Jewels; are Whores with great Houses richly furnisht with Velvet Beds, Store of Plate, handsome Attendance, and fine Coaches, are Whores and errant ones.

Willmore. Pox on't, where do these fine Whores live?

Belvile. Where no Rogue in Office yclep'd Constables dare give 'em laws, nor the Wine-inspired Bullies of the Town break their Windows; yet they are Whores, tho this Essex Calf believe them Persons of Quality.

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, y'are all Fools, there are things about this Essex Calf, that shall take with the Ladies, beyond all your Wits and Parts — This Shape and Size, Gentlemen, are not to be despis'd; my Waste tolerably long, with other inviting Signs, that shall be nameless.

Willmore. Egad I believe he may have met with some Person of Quality that may be kind to him.

Belvile. Dost thou perceive any such tempting things about him, should make a fine Woman, and of Quality, pick him out from all Mankind, to throw away her Youth and Beauty upon, nay, and her dear Heart too? — no, no, Angelica has rais'd the Price too high.

Willmore. May she languish for Mankind till she die, and be damn'd for that one Sin alone.

Enter two Bravoes, and hang up a great Picture of Angelica's, against the Balcony, and two little ones at each side of the Door.

Belvile. See there the fair Sign to the Inn, where a Man may lodge that's Fool enough to give her Price. *[Will. gazes on the Picture.]*

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, Gentlemen, what's this?

Belvile. A famous Curtezan that's to be sold.

Blunt. How! to be sold! nay then I have nothing to say to her — sold! what Impudence is practis'd in this Country? — With Order and Decency Whoring's established here by virtue of the Inquisition — Come let's be gone, I'm sure we're no Chapmen for this Commodity.

Frederick. Thou art none, I'm sure, unless thou could'st have her in thy Bed at the Price of a Coach in the Street.

Willmore. How wondrous fair she is — a Thousand Crowns a Month — by Heaven as many Kingdoms were too little. A plague of this Poverty — of which I ne'er complain, but when it hinders my Approach to Beauty, which Virtue ne'er could purchase. *[Turns from the Picture.]*

Blunt. What's this? — *[Reads]* A Thousand Crowns a Month! — 'Sheartlikins, here's a Sum! sure 'tis a mistake. — Hark you, Friend, does she take or give so much by the Month!

Frederick. A Thousand Crowns! Why, 'tis a Portion for the Infanta.

Blunt. Hark ye, Friends, won't she trust?

Brav. This is a Trade, Sir, that cannot live by Credit.
Enter Don Pedro in Masquerade, follow'd Stephano.

Belvile. See, here's more Company, let's walk off a while. *[Pedro Reads.]*

[Exeunt English.]

Enter Angelica and Moretta in the Balcony, and draw a Silk Curtain.

Pedro. Fetch me a Thousand Crowns, I never wish to buy this Beauty at an easier Rate. *[Passes off.]*

Angelica. Prithee what said those Fellows to thee?

Brav. Madam, the first were Admirers of Beauty only, but no purchasers; they were merry with your Price and Picture, laught at the Sum, and so past off.

Angelica.No matter, I'm not displeas'd with their rallying; their Wonder feeds my Vanity, and he that wishes to buy, gives me more Pride, than he that gives my Price can make me Pleasure.

Brav.Madam, the last I knew thro all his disguises to be Don Pedro, Nephew to the General, and who was with him in Pampelona.

Angelica.Don Pedro! my old Gallant's Nephew! When his Uncle dy'd, he left him a vast Sum of Money; it is he who was so in love with me at Padua, and who us'd to make the General so jealous.

Moretta.Is this he that us'd to prance before our Window and take such care to shew himself an amorous Ass? if I am not mistaken, he is the likeliest Man to give your Price.

Angelica.The Man is brave and generous, but of an Humour so uneasy and inconstant that the victory over his Heart is as soon lost as won; a Slave that can add little to the Triumph of the Conqueror: but inconstancy's the Sin of all Mankind, therefore I'm resolv'd that nothing but Gold shall charm my Heart.

Moretta.I'm glad on't; 'tis only interest that Women of our Profession ought to consider: tho I wonder what has kept you from that general Disease of our Sex so long, I mean that of being in love.

Angelica.A kind, but sullen Star, under which I had the Happiness to be born; yet I have had no time for Love; the bravest and noblest of Mankind have purchas'd my Favours at

so dear a Rate, as if no Coin but Gold were current with our Trade — But here's Don Pedro again, fetch me my Lute — for 'tis for him or Don Antonio the Vice-Roy's Son, that I have spread my Nets.

Enter at one Door Don Pedro, and Stephano; Don Antonio and Diego [his page], at the other Door, with People following him in Masquerade, antickly attir'd, some with Musick: they both go up to the Picture.

Antonio.A thousand Crowns! had not the Painter flatter'd her, I should not think it dear.

Pedro.Flatter'd her! by Heaven he cannot. I have seen the Original, nor is there one Charm here more than adorns her Face and Eyes; all this soft and sweet, with a certain languishing Air, that no Artist can represent.

Antonio.What I heard of her Beauty before had fir'd my Soul, but this confirmation of it has blown it into a flame.

Pedro.Ha!

Page.Sir, I have known you throw away a Thousand Crowns on a worse Face, and tho y'are near your Marriage, you may venture a little Love here; Florinda — will not miss it.

Pedro.Ha! Florinda! Sure 'tis Antonio. *[aside.]*

Antonio.Florinda! name not those distant Joys, there's not one thought of her will check my Passion here.

Pedro.Florinda scorn'd! and all my Hopes defeated of the Possession of Angelica! [*A noise of a Lute above. Ant. gazes up.*] Her Injuries by Heaven he shall not boast of.

[Song to a Lute above.]

I.

When Damon first began to love,
He languisht in a soft Desire,
And knew not how the Gods to move,
To lessen or increase his Fire,
For Caelia in her charming Eyes
Wore all Love's Sweet, and all his Cruelties.

II.

But as beneath a Shade he lay,
Weaving of Flow'rs for Caelia's Hair,
She chanc'd to lead her Flock that way,
And saw the am'rous Shepherd there.
She gaz'd around upon the Place,
And saw the Grove (resembling Night)
To all the Joys of Love invite,
Whilst guilty Smiles and Blushes drest her Face.
At this the bashful Youth all Transport grew,
And with kind Force he taught the Virgin how
To yield what all his Sighs cou'd never do.

Antonio.By Heav'n she's charming fair!

[Angelica throws open the Curtains, and bows to Antonio, who pulls off his Vizard, and bows and blows up Kisses. Pedro unseen looks in his Face.]

Pedro.'Tis he, the false Antonio!

Antonio.Friend, where must I pay my offering of Love? [*To the Bravo.*]My Thousand Crowns I mean.

Pedro.That Offering I have design'd to make, And yours will come too late.

Antonio.Prithee be gone, I shall grow angry else, And then thou art not safe.

Pedro.My Anger may be fatal, Sir, as yours; And he that enters here may prove this Truth.

Antonio.I know not who thou art, but I am sure thou'rt worth my killing, and aiming at Angelica.

[They draw and fight.]

Enter Willmore and Blunt, who draw and part 'em.

Blunt.'Sheartlikins, here's fine doings.

Willmore.Tilting for the Wench I'm sure — nay gad, if that wou'd win her, I have as good a Sword as the best of ye — Put up — put up, and take another time and place, for this is design'd for Lovers only.

[They all put up.]

Pedro. We are prevented; dare you meet me to morrow on the Molo? For I've a Title to a better quarrel, That of Florinda, in whose credulous Heart Thou'st made an Int'rest, and destroy'd my Hopes.

Antonio. Dare? I'll meet thee there as early as the Day.

Pedro. We will come thus disguis'd, that whosoever chance to get the better, he may escape unknown.

Antonio. It shall be so. *[Ex. Pedro and Stephano.]* Who shou'd this Rival be? unless the English Colonel, of whom I've often heard Don Pedro speak; it must be he, and time he were removed, who lays a Claim to all my Happiness.

[Willmore having gaz'd all this while on the Picture, pulls down a little one.]

Willmore. This posture's loose and negligent, The sight on't wou'd beget a warm desire In Souls, whom Impotence and Age had chill'd. — This must along with me.

Brav. What means this rudeness, Sir? — restore the Picture.

Antonio. Ha! Rudeness committed to the fair Angelica! — Restore the Picture, Sir.

Willmore. Indeed I will not, Sir.

Antonio. By Heav'n but you shall.

Willmore. Nay, do not shew your Sword; if you do, by this dear Beauty — I will shew mine too.

Antonio. What right can you pretend to't?

Willmore. That of Possession which I will maintain — you perhaps have 1000 Crowns to give for the Original.

Antonio. No matter, Sir, you shall restore the Picture..

Angelica. Oh, Moretta! what's the matter? *[Ang. and Moret. above.]*

Antonio. Or leave your Life behind.

Willmore. Death! you lye — I will do neither.

Angelica. Hold, I command you, if for me you fight.

[They fight, the Spaniards join with Antonio, Blunt laying on like mad. They leave off and bow.]

Willmore. How heavenly fair she is! — ah Plague of her Price.

Angelica. You Sir in Buff, you that appear a Soldier, that first began this Insolence.

Willmore.'Tis true, I did so, if you call it Insolence for a Man to preserve himself; I saw your charming Picture, and was wounded: quite thro my Soul each pointed Beauty ran; and wanting a Thousand Crowns to procure my Remedy, I laid this little Picture to my Bosom — which if you cannot allow me, I'll resign.

Angelica.No, you may keep the Trifle.

Antonio.You shall first ask my leave, and this.

[Fight again as before.]

Enter Belv. and Fred. who join with the English.

Angelica.Hold; will you ruin me? — Biskey, Sebastian, part them.

[The Spaniards are beaten off.]

Moretta.Oh Madam, we're undone, a pox upon that rude Fellow, he's set on to ruin us: we shall never see good days, till all these fighting poor Rogues are sent to the Gallies.

Enter Belvile, Blunt and Willmore, with his shirt bloody.

Blunt.'Sheartlikins, beat me at this Sport, and I'll ne er wear Sword more.

Belvile.The Devil's in thee for a mad Fellow, thou art always one at an unlucky Adventure. — Come, let's be gone whilst

we're safe, and remember these are Spaniards, a sort of People that know how to revenge an Affront.

Frederick.You bleed; I hope you are not wounded. *[To Will]*

Willmore.Not much:— a plague upon your Dons, if they fight no better they'll ne'er recover Flanders. — What the Devil was't to them that I took down the Picture?

Blunt.Took it! 'Sheartlikins, we'll have the great one too; 'tis ours by Conquest. — Prithee, help me up, and I'll pull it down. —

Angelica.Stay, Sir, and e'er you affront me further, let me know how you durst commit this Outrage — To you I speak, Sir, for you appear like a Gentleman.

Willmore.To me, Madam? — Gentlemen, your Servant. *[Belv. stays him.]*

Belvile.Is the Devil in thee? Do'st know the danger of entering the house of an incens'd Curtezan?

Willmore.I thank you for your care — but there are other matters in hand, there are, tho we have no great Temptation. — Death! let me go.

Frederick.Yes, to your Lodging, if you will, but not in here. — Damn these gay Harlots — by this Hand I'll have as sound and handsome a Whore for a Pattcoone. — Death, Man, she'll murder thee.

Willmore. Oh! fear me not, shall I not venture where a Beauty calls? a lovely charming Beauty? for fear of danger! when by Heaven there's none so great as to long for her, whilst I want Money to purchase her.

Frederick. Therefore 'tis loss of time, unless you had the thousand Crowns to pay.

Willmore. It may be she may give a Favour, at least I shall have the pleasure of saluting her when I enter, and when I depart.

Belvile. Pox, she'll as soon lie with thee, as kiss thee, and sooner stab than do either — you shall not go.

Angelica. Fear not, Sir, all I have to wound with, is my Eyes.

Blunt. Let him go, 'Sheartlikins, I believe the Gentlewomen means well.

Belvile. Well, take thy Fortune, we'll expect you in the next Street. — Farewell Fool — farewell —

Willmore. B'ye Colonel — *[Goes in.]*

Frederick. The Rogue's stark mad for a Wench.

[Exeunt.]

Scene II. A Fine Chamber.

Enter Willmore, Angelica, and Moretta.

Angelica. Insolent Sir, how durst you pull down my Picture?

Willmore. Rather, how durst you set it up, to tempt poor amorous Mortals with so much Excellence? which I find you have but too well consulted by the unmerciful price you set upon't. — Is all this Heaven of Beauty shewn to move Despair in those that cannot buy? and can you think the effects of that Despair shou'd be less extravagant than I have shewn?

Angelica. I sent for you to ask my Pardon, Sir, not to aggravate your Crime. — I thought, I shou'd have seen you at my Feet imploring it.

Willmore. You are deceived, I came to rail at you, and talk such Truths, too, as shall let you see the Vanity of that Pride, which taught you how to set such a Price on Sin. For such it is, whilst that which is Love's due is meanly barter'd for.

Angelica. Ha, ha, ha, alas, good Captain, what pity 'tis your edifying Doctrine will do too good upon me — Moretta, fetch the Gentleman a Glass, and let him survey himself, to see what Charms he has — and guess my Business. *[Aside in a soft tone.]*

Moretta. He knows himself of old, I believe those Breeches and he have been acquainted ever since he was beaten at Worcester.

Angelica. Nay, do not abuse the poor Creature. —

Moretta. Good Weather-beaten Corporal, will you march off? we have no need of your Doctrine, tho you have of our Charity; but at present we have no Scraps, we can afford no kindness for God's sake; in fine, Sirrah, the Price is too high i'th' Mouth for you, therefore troop, I say.

Willmore. Here, good Fore—Woman of the Shop, serve me, and I'll be gone.

Moretta. Keep it to pay your Landress, your Linen stinks of the Gun—Room; for here's no selling by Retail.

Willmore. Thou hast sold plenty of thy stale Ware at a cheap Rate.

Moretta. Ay, the more silly kind Heart I, but this is at an Age wherein Beauty is at higher Rates. — In fine, you know the price of this.

Willmore. I grant you 'tis here set down a thousand Crowns a Month — Baud, take your black Lead and sum it up, that I may have a Pistole-worth of these vain gay things, and I'll trouble you no more.

Moretta. Pox on him, he'll fret me to Death:— abominable Fellow, I tell thee, we only sell by the whole Piece.

Willmore. 'Tis very hard, the whole Cargo or nothing — Faith, Madam, my Stock will not reach it, I cannot be your Chapman. — Yet I have Countrymen in Town, Merchants of Love, like me; I'll see if they'l put for a share, we cannot lose much by it,

and what we have no use for, we'll sell upon the Friday's Mart, at — Who gives more? I am studying, Madam, how to purchase you, tho at present I am unprovided of Money.

Angelica. Sure, this from any other Man would anger me — nor shall he know the Conquest he has made — Poor angry Man, how I despise this railing.

Willmore. Yes, I am poor — but I'm a Gentleman, And one that scorns this Baseness which you practise. Poor as I am, I would not sell my self, No, not to gain your charming high-priz'd Person. Tho I admire you strangely for your Beauty, Yet I contemn your Mind. — And yet I wou'd at any rate enjoy you; At your own rate — but cannot — See here The only Sum I can command on Earth; I know not where to eat when this is gone: Yet such a Slave I am to Love and Beauty, This last reserve I'll sacrifice to enjoy you. — Nay, do not frown, I know you are to be bought, And wou'd be bought by me, by me, For a mean trifling Sum, if I could pay it down. Which happy knowledge I will still repeat, And lay it to my Heart, it has a Virtue in't, And soon will cure those Wounds your Eyes have made. — And yet — there's something so divinely powerful there — Nay, I will gaze — to let you see my Strength. [*Holds her, looks on her, and pauses and sighs.*] By Heaven, bright Creature — I would not for the World Thy Fame were half so fair as is thy Face. [*Turns her away from him.*]

Angelica. His word go thro me to the very Soul. [*Aside.*] — If you have nothing else to say to me.

Willmore. Yes, you shall hear how infamous you are — For which I do not hate thee: But that secures my Heart, and all the Flames it feels Are but so many Lusts, I know it by their sudden bold intrusion. The Fire's impatient and betrays, 'tis false — For had it been the purer Flame of Love, I should have pin'd and languish'd at your Feet, E'er found the Impudence to have discover'd it. I now dare stand your Scorn, and your Denial.

Moretta. Sure she's bewitcht, that she can stand thus tamely, and hear his saucy railing. — Sirrah, will you be gone?

Angelica. How dare you take this liberty? — Withdraw. [*To Moret*] — Pray, tell me, Sir, are not you guilty of the same mercenary Crime? When a Lady is proposed to you for a Wife, you never ask, how fair, discreet, or virtuous she is; but what's her Fortune — which if but small, you cry — She will not do my business — and basely leave her, tho she languish for you. — Say, is not this as poor?

Willmore. It is a barbarous Custom, which I will scorn to defend in our Sex, and do despise in yours.

Angelica. Thou art a brave Fellow! put up thy Gold, and know, That were thy Fortune large, as is thy Soul, Thou shouldst not buy my Love, Couldst thou forget those mean Effects of Vanity, Which set me out to sale; and as a Lover, prize My yielding Joys. Canst thou believe they'l be entirely thine, Without considering they were mercenary?

Willmore. I cannot tell, I must bethink me first — ha, Death, I'm going to believe her. [*Aside.*]

Angelica. Prithee, confirm that Faith — or if thou canst not — flatter me a little, 'twill please me from thy Mouth.

Willmore. Curse on thy charming Tongue! dost thou return My feign'd Contempt with so much subtilty? [*Aside.*] Thou'st found the easiest way into my Heart, Tho I yet know that all thou say'st is false. [*Turning from her in a Rage.*]

Angelica. By all that's good 'tis real, I never lov'd before, tho oft a Mistress. — Shall my first Vows be slighted?

Willmore. What can she mean? [*Aside.*]

Angelica. I find you cannot credit me. [*In an angry tone.*]

Willmore. I know you take me for an errant Ass, An Ass that may be sooth'd into Belief, And then be us'd at pleasure. — But, Madam I have been so often cheated By perjurd, soft, deluding Hypocrites, That I've no Faith left for the cozening Sex, Especially for Women of your Trade.

Angelica. The low esteem you have of me, perhaps May bring my Heart again: For I have Pride that yet surmounts my Love. [*She turns with Pride, he holds her.*]

Willmore. Throw off this Pride, this Enemy to Bliss, And shew the Power of Love: 'tis with those Arms I call be only vanquisht, made a Slave.

Angelica. Is all my mighty Expectation vanish? — No, I will not hear thee talk — thou hast a Charm In every word, that draws my Heart away. And all the thousand Trophies I design'd, Thou hast undone — Why art thou soft? Thy Looks are bravely rough, and meant for War. Could thou not storm on still? I then perhaps had been as free as thou.

Willmore. Death! how she throws her Fire about my Soul! *[Aside.]* — Take heed, fair Creature, how you raise my Hopes, Which once assum'd pretend to all Dominion. There's not a Joy thou hast in store I shall not then command: For which I'll pay thee back my Soul, my Life. Come, let's begin th' account this happy minute.

Angelica. And will you pay me then the Price I ask?

Willmore. Oh, why dost thou draw me from an awful Worship, By shewing thou art no Divinity? Conceal the Fiend, and shew me all the Angel; Keep me but ignorant, and I'll be devout, And pay my Vows for ever at this Shrine. *[Kneels, and kisses her Hand.]*

Angelica. The Pay I mean is but thy love for mine. — Can you give that?

Willmore. Intirely — come, let's withdraw: where I'll renew my Vows — and breathe 'em with such Ardour, thou shalt not doubt my Zeal.

Angelica. Thou hast a Power too strong to be resisted.

[Ex. Will. and Angelica.]

Moretta. Now my Curse go with you — Is all our Project fallen to this? to love the only Enemy to our Trade? Nay, to love such a Shameroon, a very Beggar; nay, a Pirate-Beggar, whose Business is to rifle and be gone, a No-Purchase, No-Pay Tatterdemalion, an English Piccaroon; a Rogue that fights for daily Drink, and takes a Pride in being loyally lousy — Oh, I could curse now, if I durst — This is the Fate of most Whores. Trophies, which from believing Fops we win, Are Spoils to those who cozen us again.

Act III.

Scene I. A Street.

Enter Florinda, Valeria, Hellena, in Antick different Dresses from what they were in before, Callis attending.

Florinda. I wonder what should make my Brother in so ill a Humour: I hope he has not found out our Ramble this Morning.

Hellena. No, if he had, we should have heard on't at both Ears, and have been mew'd up this Afternoon; which I would not for the World should have happen'd — Hey ho! I'm sad as a Lover's Lute.

Valeria. Well, methinks we have learnt this Trade of Gipsies as readily as if we had been bred upon the Road to Loretto: and yet I did so fumble, when I told the Stranger his Fortune, that I was afraid I should have told my own and yours by mistake — But methinks Hellena has been very serious ever since.

Florinda. I would give my Garters she were in love, to be reveng'd upon her, for abusing me — How is't, Hellena?

Hellena. Ah! — would I had never seen my mad Monsieur — and yet for all your laughing I am not in love — and yet this small Acquaintance, o' my Conscience, will never out of my Head.

Valeria. Ha, ha, ha — I laugh to think how thou art fitted with a Lover, a Fellow that, I warrant, loves every new Face he sees.

Hellena. Hum — he has not kept his Word with me here — and may be taken up — that thought is not very pleasant to me — what the Duce should this be now that I feel?

Valeria. What is't like?

Hellena. Nay, the Lord knows — but if I should be hanged, I cannot chuse but be angry and afraid, when I think that mad Fellow should be in love with any Body but me — What to think of my self I know not — Would I could meet with some true damn'd Gipsy, that I might know my Fortune.

Valeria. Know it! why there's nothing so easy; thou wilt love this wandering Inconstant till thou find'st thy self hanged about his Neck, and then be as mad to get free again.

Florinda. Yes, Valeria; we shall see her bestride his Baggage-horse, and follow him to the Campaign.

Hellena. So, so; now you are provided for, there's no care taken of poor me — But since you have set my Heart a wishing, I am resolv'd to know for what. I will not die of the Pip, so I will not.

Florinda. Art thou mad to talk so? Who will like thee well enough to have thee, that hears what a mad Wench thou art?

Hellena. Like me! I don't intend every he that likes me shall have me, but he that I like: I shou'd have staid in the Nunnery still, if I had lik'd my Lady Abbess as well as she lik'd me. No, I came thence, not (as my wise Brother imagines) to take an eternal Farewel of the World, but to love and to be belov'd; and I will be belov'd, or I'll get one of your Men, so I will.

Valeria. Am I put into the Number of Lovers?

Hellena. You! my Couz, I know thou art too good natur'd to leave us in any Design: Thou wou't venture a Cast, tho thou comest off a Loser, especially with such a Gamester — I observ'd your Man, and your willing Ears incline that way; and if you are not a Lover, 'tis an Art soon learnt — that I find. [*Sighs.*]

Florinda. I wonder how you learnt to love so easily, I had a thousand Charms to meet my Eyes and Ears, e'er I cou'd yield; and 'twas the knowledge of Belvile's Merit, not the surprising Person, took my Soul — Thou art too rash to give a Heart at first sight.

Hellena. Hang your considering Lover; I ne'er thought beyond the Fancy, that 'twas a very pretty, idle, silly kind of Pleasure to pass ones time with, to write little, soft, nonsensical Billets, and with great difficulty and danger receive Answers; in which I shall have my Beauty prais'd, my Wit admir'd (tho little or none) and have the Vanity and Power to know I am desirable; then I have the more Inclination that way, because I am to be a Nun, and so shall not be suspected to have any such earthly Thoughts about me — But when I walk thus — and sigh thus — they'll think my Mind's upon my Monastery, and cry, how happy 'tis she's so resolv'd! — But not a Word of Man.

Florinda. What a mad Creature's this!

Hellena. I'll warrant, if my Brother hears either of you sigh, he cries (gravely)— I fear you have the Indiscretion to be in love, but take heed of the Honour of our House, and your own unspotted Fame; and so he conjures on till he has laid the soft-wing'd God in your Hearts, or broke the Birds-nest — But see here comes your Lover: but where's my inconstant? let's step aside, and we may learn something. *[Go aside.]*

Enter Belvile, Fred. and Blunt.

Belvile. What means this? the Picture's taken in.

Blunt. It may be the Wench is good-natur'd, and will be kind gratis. Your Friend's a proper handsome Fellow.

Belvile. I rather think she has cut his Throat and is fled: I am mad he should throw himself into Dangers — Pox on't, I shall want him to night — let's knock and ask for him.

Hellena. My heart goes a-pit a-pat, for fear 'tis my Man they talk of.

[Knock, Moretta above.]

Moretta. What would you have?

Belvile. Tell the Stranger that enter'd here about two Hours ago, that his Friends stay here for him.

Moretta. A Curse upon him for Moretta, would he were at the Devil — but he's coming to you.

[Enter Willmore.]

Hellena. I, I, 'tis he. Oh how this vexes me.

Belvile. And how, and how, dear Lad, has Fortune smil'd? Are we to break her Windows, or raise up Altars to her! hah!

Willmore. Does not my Fortune sit triumphant on my Brow? dost not see the little wanton God there all gay and smiling? have I not an Air about my Face and Eyes, that distinguish me from the Croud of common Lovers? By Heav'n, Cupid's Quiver has not half so many Darts as her Eyes — Oh such a Bona Roba, to sleep in her Arms is lying in Fresco, all perfum'd Air about me.

Hellena. Here's fine encouragement for me to fool on. *[Aside.]*

Willmore. Hark ye, where didst thou purchase that rich Canary we drank to-day? Tell me, that I may adore the Spigot, and sacrifice to the Butt: the Juice was divine, into which I must dip my Rosary, and then bless all things that I would have bold or fortunate.

Belvile. Well, Sir, let's go take a Bottle, and hear the Story of your Success.

Frederick. Would not French Wine do better?

Willmore. Damn the hungry Balderdash; cheerful Sack has a generous Virtue in't, inspiring a successful Confidence, gives Eloquence to the Tongue, and Vigour to the Soul; and has in a few Hours compleated all my Hopes and Wishes. There's nothing left to raise a new Desire in me — Come let's be gay and wanton — and, Gentlemen, study, study what you want, for here are Friends — that will supply, Gentlemen — hark! what a charming sound they make — 'tis he and she Gold whilst here, shall beget new Pleasures every moment.

Blunt. But hark ye, Sir, you are not married, are you?

Willmore. All the Honey of Matrimony, but none of the Sting, Friend.

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, thou'rt a fortunate Rogue.

Willmore. I am so, Sir, let these inform you. — Ha, how sweetly they chime! Pox of Poverty, it makes a Man a Slave, makes Wit and Honour sneak, my Soul grew lean and rusty for want of Credit.

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, this I like well, it looks like my lucky Bargain! Oh how I long for the Approach of my Squire, that is to conduct me to her House again. Why! here's two provided for.

Frederick. By this light y're happy Men.

Blunt. Fortune is pleased to smile on us, Gentlemen — to smile on us.

Enter Sancho, and pulls Blunt by the Sleeve. They go aside.

Sancho. Sir, my Lady expects you — she has remov'd all that might oppose your Will and Pleasure — and is impatient till you come.

Blunt. Sir, I'll attend you — Oh the happiest Rogue! I'll take no leave, lest they either dog me, or stay me.

[Ex. with Sancho.]

Belvile. But then the little Gipsy is forgot?

Willmore. A Mischief on thee for putting her into my thoughts; I had quite forgot her else, and this Night's Debauch had drunk her quite down.

Hellena.Had it so, good Captain? [*Claps him on the Back.*]

Willmore.Ha! I hope she did not hear.

Hellena.What, afraid of such a Champion!

Willmore.Oh! you're a fine Lady of your word, are you not? to make a Man languish a whole day —

Hellena.In tedious search of me.

Willmore.Egad, Child, thou'rt in the right, hadst thou seen what a melancholy Dog I have been ever since I was a Lover, how I have walkt the Streets like a Capuchin, with my Hands in my Sleeves — Faith, Sweetheart, thou wouldst pity me.

Hellena.Now, if I should be hang'd, I can't be angry with him, he dissembles so heartily — Alas, good Captain, what pains you have taken — Now were I ungrateful not to reward so true a Servant.

Willmore.Poor Soul! that's kindly said, I see thou bearest a Conscience — come then for a beginning shew me thy dear Face.

Hellena.I'm afraid, my small Acquaintance, you have been staying that swinging stomach you boasted of this morning; I remember then my little Collation would have gone down with you, without the Sauce of a handsom Face — Is your Stomach so quesny now?

Willmore.Faith long fasting, Child, spoils a Man's Appetite — yet if you durst treat, I could so lay about me still.

Hellena.And would you fall to, before a Priest says Grace.

Willmore.Oh fie, fie, what an old out-of-fashion'd thing hast thou nam'd? Thou could'st not dash me more out of Countenance, shouldst thou shew me an ugly Face.

Whilst he is seemingly courting Hellena, enter Angelica, Moretta, Biskey, and Sebastian, an in Masquerade: Ang. sees Will. and starts.

Angelica.Heavens, is't he? and passionately fond to see another Woman?

Moretta.What cou'd you expect less from such a Swaggerer?

Angelica.Expect! as much as I paid him, a Heart intire, Which I had pride enough to think when e'er I gave It would have rais'd the Man above the Vulgar, Made him all Soul, and that all soft and constant.

Hellena.You see, Captain, how willing I am to be Friends with you, till Time and Ill-luck make us Lovers; and ask you the Question first, rather than put your Modesty to the blush, by asking me: for alas, I know you Captains are such strict Men, severe Observers of your Vows to Chastity, that 'twill be hard to prevail with your tender Conscience to marry a young willing Maid.

Willmore. Do not abuse me, for fear I should take thee at thy word, and marry thee indeed, which I'm sure will be Revenge sufficient.

Hellena. O' my Conscience, that will be our Destiny, because we are both of one humour; I am as inconstant as you, for I have considered, Captain, that a handsom Woman has a great deal to do whilst her Face is good, for then is our Harvest-time to gather Friends; and should I in these days of my Youth, catch a fit of foolish Constancy, I were undone; 'tis loitering by day-light in our great Journey: therefore declare, I'll allow but one year for Love, one year for Indifference, and one year for Hate — and then — go hang your self — for I profess myself the gay, the kind, and the inconstant — the Devil's in't if this won't please you.

Willmore. Oh most damnably! — I have a Heart with a hole quite thro it too, no Prison like mine to keep a Mistress in.

Angelica. Perjur'd Man! how I believe thee now! *[Aside.]*

Hellena. Well, I see our Business as well as Humours are alike, yours to cozen as many Maids as will trust you, and I as many Men as have Faith — See if I have not as desperate a lying look, as you can have for the heart of you. *[Pulls off her Vizard; he starts.]* — How do you like it, Captain?

Willmore. Like it! by Heav'n, I never saw so much Beauty. Oh the Charms of those sprightly black Eyes, that strangely fair Face, full of Smiles and Dimples! those soft round melting

cherry Lips! and small even white Teeth! not to be exprest, but silently adored! — Oh one Look more, and strike me dumb, or I shall repeat nothing else till I am mad. *[He seems to court her to pull off her Vizard: she refuses.]*

Angelica. I can endure no more — nor is it fit to interrupt him; for if I do, my Jealousy has so destroy'd my Reason — I shall undo him — Therefore I'll retire. And you Sebastian *[To one of her] Bravoes]* follow that Woman, and learn who 'tis; while you tell the Fugitive, I would speak to him instantly. *[To the other Bravo.]*

[Exit.]

[This while Flor. is talking to Belvile, who stands sullenly. Fred. courting Valeria.]

Valeria. Prithee, dear Stranger, be not so sullen; for tho you have lost your Love, you see my Friend frankly offers you hers, to play with in the mean time.

Belvile. Faith, Madam I am sorry I can't play at her Game.

Frederick. Pray leave your Intercession, and mind your own Affair, they'll better agree apart; he's a model Sigher in Company, but alone no Woman escapes him.

Florinda. Sure he does but rally — yet if it should be true — I'll tempt him farther — Believe me, noble Stranger, I'm no common Mistress — and for a little proof on't — wear this

Jewel — nay, take it, Sir, 'tis right, and Bills of Exchange may sometimes miscarry.

Belvile. Madam, why am I chose out of all Mankind to be the Object of your Bounty?

Valeria. There's another civil Question askt.

Frederick. Pox of's Modesty, it spoils his own Markets, and hinders mine.

Florinda. Sir, from my Window I have often seen you; and Women of Quality have so few opportunities for Love, that we ought to lose none.

Frederick. Ay, this is something! here's a Woman! — When shall I be blest with so much kindness from your fair Mouth? — Take the Jewel, Fool. [*Aside to Belv.*]

Belvile. You tempt me strangely, Madam, every way.

Florinda. So, if I find him false, my whole Repose is gone. [*Aside.*]

Belvile. And but for a Vow I've made to a very fine Lady, this Goodness had subdu'd me.

Frederick. Pox on't be kind, in pity to me be kind, for I am to thrive here but as you treat her Friend.

Hellena. Tell me what did you in yonder House, and I'll unmasque.

Willmore. Yonder House — oh — I went to — a — to — why, there's a Friend of mine lives there.

Hellena. What a she, or a he Friend?

Willmore. A Man upon my Honour! a Man — A She Friend! no, no, Madam, you have done my Business, I thank you.

Hellena. And was't your Man Friend, that had more Darts in's Eyes than Cupid carries in a whole Budget of Arrows?

Willmore. So —

Hellena. Ah such a Bona Roba: to be in her Arms is lying in Fresco, all perfumed Air about me — Was this your Man Friend too?

Willmore. So —

Hellena. That gave you the He, and the She — Gold, that begets young Pleasures.

Willmore. Well, well, Madam, then you see there are Ladies in the World, that will not be cruel — there are, Madam, there are —

Hellena.And there be Men too as fine, wild, inconstant Fellows
as your self, there be, Captain, there be, if you go to that now
— therefore I'm resolv'd —

Willmore.Oh!

Hellena.To see your Face no more —

Willmore.Oh!

Hellena.Till to morrow.

Willmore.Egad you frighted me.

Hellena.Nor then neither, unless you'l swear never to see that
Lady more.

Willmore.See her! — why! never to think of Womankind
again?

Hellena.Kneel, and swear. [*Kneels, she gives him her hand.*]

Hellena.I do, never to think — to see — to love — nor lie with
any but thy self.

Hellena.Kiss the Book.

Willmore.Oh, most religiously. [*Kisses her Hand.*]

Hellena.Now what a wicked Creature am I, to damn a proper
Fellow.

Callis.Madam, I'll stay no longer, 'tis e'en dark. [*To Flor.*]

Florinda.However, Sir, I'll leave this with you — that when
I'm gone, you may repent the opportunity you have lost by
your modesty.

[*Gives him the Jewel, which is her Picture, and Ex. he gazes
after her.*]

Willmore.'Twill be an Age till to morrow — and till then I will
most impatiently expect you — Adieu, my dear pretty Angel.

[*Ex. all the Women.*]

Belvile.Ha! Florinda's Picture! 'twas she her self — what a
dull Dog was I? I would have given the World for one minute's
discourse with her. —

Frederick.This comes of your Modesty — ah pox on your
Vow, 'twas ten to one but we had lost the Jewel by't.

Belvile.Willmore! the blessed'st Opportunity lost! — Florinda,
Friends, Florinda!

Willmore.Ah Rogue! such black Eyes, such a Face, such a
Mouth, such Teeth — and so much Wit!

Belvile.All, all, and a thousand Charms besides.

Willmore.Why, dost thou know her?

Belvile. Know her! ay, ay, and a Pox take me with all my Heart for being modest.

Willmore. But hark ye, Friend of mine, are you my Rival? and have I been only beating the Bush all this while?

Belvile. I understand thee not — I'm mad — see here — *[Shews the Picture.]*

Willmore. Ha! whose Picture is this? — 'tis a fine Wench.

Frederick. The Colonel's Mistress, Sir.

Willmore. Oh, oh, here — I thought it had been another Prize — come, come, a Bottle will set thee right again. *[Gives the Picture back.]*

Belvile. I am content to try, and by that time 'twill be late enough for our Design.

Willmore. Agreed.
Love does all day the Soul's great Empire keep,
But Wine at night lulls the soft God asleep.

[Exeunt.]

Scene II. Lucetta's House.

Enter Blunt and Lucetta with a Light.

Lucetta. Now we are safe and free, no fears of the coming home of my old jealous Husband, which made me a little thoughtful when you came in first — but now Love is all the business of my Soul.

Blunt. I am transported — Pox on't, that I had but some fine things to say to her, such as Lovers use — I was a Fool not to learn of Fred. a little by Heart before I came — something I must say. — *[Aside.]* 'Sheartlikins, sweet Soul, I am not us'd to complement, but I'm an honest Gentleman, and thy humble Servant.

Lucetta. I have nothing to pay for so great a Favour, but such a Love as cannot but be great, since at first sight of that sweet Face and Shape it made me your absolute Captive.

Blunt. Kind heart, how prettily she talks! Egad I'll show her Husband a Spanish Trick; send him out of the World, and marry her: she's damnably in love with me, and will ne'er mind Settlements, and so there's that sav'd. *[Aside.]*

Lucetta. Well, Sir, I'll go and undress me, and be with you instantly.

Blunt. Make haste then, for 'dsheartlikins, dear Soul, thou canst not guess at the pain of a longing Lover, when his Joys are drawn within the compass of a few minutes.

Lucetta. You speak my Sense, and I'll make haste to provide it.

[Exit.]

Blunt.'Tis a rare Girl, and this one night's enjoyment with her will be worth all the days I ever past in Essex. — Would she'd go with me into England, tho to say truth, there's plenty of Whores there already. — But a pox on 'em they are such mercenary prodigal Whores, that they want such a one as this, that's free and generous, to give 'em Good Examples:— Why, what a House she has! how rich and fine!

Enter Sancho.

Sancho.Sir, my Lady has sent me to conduct you to her Chamber.

Blunt.Sir, I shall be proud to follow — Here's one of her Servants too: 'dsheartlikins, by his Garb and Gravity he might be a Justice of Peace in Essex, and is but a Pimp here.

[Exeunt.]

The Scene changes to a Chamber with an Alcove–Bed in it, a Table, &c. Lucetta in Bed. Enter Sancho and Blunt, who takes the Candle of Sancho at the Door.

Sancho.Sir, my Commission reaches no farther.

Blunt.Sir, I'll excuse your Complement:— what, in Bed, my sweet Mistress?

Lucetta.You see, I still out-do you in kindness.

Blunt.And thou shalt see what haste I'll make to quit scores — oh the luckiest Rogue! *[Undresses himself]*

Lucetta.Shou'd you be false or cruel now!

Blunt.False, 'Sheartlikins, what dost thou take me for a Jew? an insensible Heathen — A Pox of thy old jealous Husband: and he were dead, egad, sweet Soul, it shou'd be none of my fault, if I did not marry thee.

Lucetta.It never shou'd be mine.

Blunt.Good Soul, I'm the fortunatest Dog!

Lucetta.Are you not undrest yet?

Blunt.As much as my Impatience will permit.

[Goes towards the Bed in his Shirt and Drawers.]

Lucetta.Hold, Sir, put out the Light, it may betray us else.

Blunt.Any thing, I need no other Light but that of thine Eyes! — 'sheartlikins, there I think I had it. *[Aside.]*

[Puts out the Candle, the Bed descends, he gropes about to find it.]

— Why — why — where am I got? what, not yet? — where are you sweetest? — ah, the Rogue's silent now — a pretty Love-trick this — how she'll laugh at me anon! — you need

not, my dear Rogue! you need not! I'm all on a fire already — come, come, now call me in for pity — Sure I'm enchanted! I have been round the Chamber, and can find neither Woman, nor Bed — I lockt the Door, I'm sure she cannot go that way; or if she cou'd, the Bed cou'd not — Enough, enough, my pretty Wanton, do not carry the Jest too far — Ha, betray'd! Dogs! Rogues! Pimps! help! help!

[Lights on a Trap, and is let down.]

Enter Lucetta, Philippo, and Sancho with a Light.

Philippo. Ha, ha, ha, he's dispatcht finely.

Lucetta. Now, Sir, had I been coy, we had mist of this Booty.

Philippo. Nay when I saw 'twas a substantial Fool, I was mollified; but when you doat upon a Serenading Coxcomb, upon a Face, fine Clothes, and a Lute, it makes me rage.

Lucetta. You know I never was guilty of that Folly, my dear Philippo, but with your self — But come let's see what we have got by this.

Philippo. A rich Coat! — Sword and Hat! — these Breeches too — are well lin'd! — see here a Gold Watch! — a Purse — ha! Gold! — at least two hundred Pistoles! a bunch of Diamond Rings; and one with the Family Arms! — a Gold Box! — with a Medal of his King! and his Lady Mother's Picture! — these were sacred Reliques, believe me! — see, the Wasteband of his Breeches have a Mind of Gold! — Old Queen Bess's. We have

a Quarrel to her ever since Eighty Eight, and may therefore justify the Theft, the Inquisition might have committed it.

Lucetta. See, a Bracelet of bow'd Gold, these his Sister ty'd about his Arm at parting — but well — for all this, I fear his being a Stranger may make a noise, and hinder our Trade with them hereafter.

Philippo. That's our security; he is not only a Stranger to us, but to the Country too — the Common-Shore into which he is descended, thou know'st, conducts him into another Street, which this Light will hinder him from ever finding again — he knows neither your Name, nor the Street where your House is, nay, nor the way to his own Lodgings.

Lucetta. And art not thou an unmerciful Rogue, not to afford him one Night for all this? — I should not have been such a Jew.

Philippo. Blame me not, Lucetta, to keep as much of thee as I can to my self — come, that thought makes me wanton — let's to Bed — Sancho, lock up these.

This is the Fleece which Fools do bear,
Design'd for witty Men to sheer.

[Exeunt.]

The Scene changes, and discovers Blunt, creeping out of a Common Shore, his Face, &c., all dirty.

Blunt. Oh Lord! [*Climbing up.*] I am got out at last, and (which is a Miracle) without a Clue — and now to Damning and Cursing — but if that would ease me, where shall I begin? with my Fortune, my self, or the Quean that cozen'd me — What a dog was I to believe in Women! Oh Coxcomb — ignorant conceited Coxcomb! to fancy she cou'd be enamour'd with my Person, at the first sight enamour'd — Oh, I'm a cursed Puppy, 'tis plain, Fool was writ upon my Forehead, she perceiv'd it — saw the Essex Calf there — for what Allurements could there be in this Countenance? which I can indure, because I'm acquainted with it — Oh, dull silly Dog! to be thus sooth'd into a Cozening! Had I been drunk, I might fondly have credited the young Quean! but as I was in my right Wits, to be thus cheated, confirms I am a dull believing English Country Fop. — But my Comrades! Death and the Devil, there's the worst of all — then a Ballad will be sung to Morrow on the Prado, to a lousy Tune of the enchanted Squire, and the annihilated Damsel — But Fred. that Rogue, and the Colonel, will abuse me beyond all Christian patience — had she left me my Clothes, I have a Bill of Exchange at home wou'd have sav'd my Credit — but now all hope is taken from me — Well, I'll home (if I can find the way) with this Consolation, that I am not the first kind believing Coxcomb; but there are, Gallants, many such good Natures amongst ye.
And tho you've better Arts to hide your Follies,
Adsheartlikins y'are all as errant Cullies.

Scene III. The Garden, in the Night.

Enter Florinda undress'd, with a Key, and a little Box.

Florinda. Well, thus far I'm in my way to Happiness; I have got my self free from Callis; my Brother too, I find by yonder light, is gone into his Cabinet, and thinks not of me: I have by good Fortune got the Key of the Garden Back-door — I'll open it, to prevent Belvile's knocking — a little noise will now alarm my Brother. Now am I as fearful as a young Thief. [*Unlocks the Door.*]— Hark — what noise is that? — Oh 'twas the Wind that plaid amongst the the Boughs. — Belvile stays long, methinks — its time — stay for fear of a surprize, I'll hide these Jewels in yonder Jessamin. [*She goes to lay down the Box.*]

Enter Willmore drunk.

Willmore. What the Devil is become of these Fellows, Belvile and Frederick? They promis'd to stay at the next corner for me, but who the Devil knows the corner of a full Moon? — Now — whereabouts am I? — hah — what have we here? a Garden! — a very convenient place to sleep in — hah — what has God sent us here? — a Female — by this light, a Woman; I'm a Dog if it be not a very Wench. —

Florinda. He's come! — hah — who's there?

Willmore. Sweet Soul, let me salute thy Shoe-string.

Florinda. 'Tis not my Belvile — good Heavens, I know him not. — Who are you, and from whence come you?

Willmore.Prithee — prithee, Child — not so many hard Questions — let it suffice I am here, Child — Come, come kiss me.

Florinda.Good Gods! what luck is mine?

Willmore.Only good luck, Child, parlous good luck. — Come hither — 'tis a delicate shining Wench — by this Hand she's perfum'd, and smells like any Nosegay. — Prithee, dear Soul, let's not play the Fool, and lose time — precious time — for as Gad shall save me, I'm as honest a Fellow as breathes, tho I am a little disguis'd at present. — Come, I say — why, thou may'st be free with me, I'll be very secret. I'll not boast who 'twas oblig'd me, not I— for hang me if I know thy Name.

Florinda.Heavens! what a filthy beast is this!

Willmore.I am so, and thou oughtst the sooner to lie with me for that reason — for look you, Child, there will be no Sin in't, because 'twas neither design'd nor premeditated; 'tis pure Accident on both sides — that's a certain thing now — Indeed should I make love to you, and you vow Fidelity — and swear and lye till you believ'd and yielded — Thou art therefore (as thou art a good Christian) oblig'd in Conscience to deny me nothing. Now — come, be kind, without any more idle prating.

Florinda.Oh, I am ruin'd — wicked Man, unhand me.

Willmore.Wicked! Egad, Child, a Judge, were he young and vigorous, and saw those Eyes of thine, would know 'twas they

gave the first blow — the first provocation. — Come, prithee let's lose no time, I say — this is a fine convenient place.

Florinda.Sir, let me go, I conjure you, or I'll call out.

Willmore.Ay, ay, you were best to call Witness to see how finely you treat me — do. —

Florinda.I'll cry Murder, Rape, or any thing, if you do not instantly let me go.

Willmore.A Rape! Come, come, you lye, you Baggage, you lye: What, I'll warrant you would fain have the World believe now that you are not so forward as I. No, not you — why at this time of Night was your Cobweb-door set open, dear Spider — but to catch Flies? — Hah come — or I shall be damnably angry. — Why what a Coil is here. —

Florinda.Sir, can you think —

Willmore.That you'd do it for nothing? oh, oh, I find what you'd be at — look here, here's a Pistole for you — here's a work indeed — here — take it, I say. —

Florinda.For Heaven's sake, Sir, as you're a Gentleman —

Willmore.So — now — she would be wheedling me for more — what, you will not take it then — you're resolv'd you will not. — Come, come, take it, or I'll put it up again; for, look ye, I never give more. — Why, how now, Mistress, are you so high i'th' Mouth, a Pistole won't down with you? — hah — why,

what a work's here — in good time — come, no struggling, be gone — But an y'are good at a dumb Wrestle, I'm for ye — look ye — I'm for ye. — *[She struggles with him.]*

Enter Belvile and Frederick.

Belvile. The Door is open a Pox of this mad fellow, I'm angry that we've lost him, I durst have sworn he had follow'd us.

Frederick. But you were so hasty, Colonel, to be gone.

Florinda. Help, help — Murder! — help — oh, I'm ruin'd.

Belvile. Ha, sure that's Florinda's Voice. *[Comes up to them.]* — A Man! Villain, let go that Lady. *[A noise.]*

[Will. turns and draws, Fred. interposes.]

Florinda. Belvile! Heavens! my Brother too is coming, and 'twill be impossible to escape. — Belvile, I conjure you to walk under my Chamber-window, from whence I'll give you some instructions what to do — This rude Man has undone us.

[Exit.]

Willmore. Belvile!

Enter Pedro, Stephano, and other Servants with Lights.

Pedro. I'm betray'd; run, Stephano, and see if Florinda be safe.

[Exit Steph.]

So whoe'er they be, all is not well, I'll to Florinda's Chamber.

[They fight, and Pedro's Party beats 'em out; going out, meets Stephano.]

Stephano. You need not, Sir, the poor Lady's fast asleep, and thinks no harm: I wou'd not wake her, Sir, for fear of frightening her with your danger.

Pedro. I'm glad she's there — Rascals, how came the Garden-Door open?

Stephano. That Question comes too late, Sir: some of my Fellow-Servants Masquerading I'll warrant.

Pedro. Masquerading! a leud Custom to debauch our Youth — there's something more in this than I imagine.

[Exeunt.]

Scene IV. Changes to the Street.

Enter Belvile in Rage, Fred. holding him, and Willmore melancholy.

Willmore. Why, how the Devil shou'd I know Florinda?

Belvile. Ah plague of your ignorance! if it had not been Florinda, must you be a Beast? — a Brute, a senseles Swine?

Willmore. Well, Sir, you see I am endu'd with Patience — I can bear — tho' egad y're very free with me methinks — I was in good hopes the Quarrel wou'd have been on my side, for so uncivilly interrupting me.

Belvile. Peace, Brute, whilst thou'rt safe — oh, I'm distracted.

Willmore. Nay, nay, I'm an unlucky Dog, that's certain.

Belvile. Ah curse upon the Star that rul'd my Birth! or whatsoever other Influence that makes me still so wretched.

Willmore. Thou break'st my Heart with these Complaints; there is no Star in fault, no Influence but Sack, the cursed Sack I drank.

Frederick. Why, how the Devil came you so drunk?

Willmore. Why, how the Devil came you so sober?

Belvile. A curse upon his thin Skull, he was always before-hand that way.

Frederick. Prithee, dear Colonel, forgive him, he's sorry for his fault.

Belvile. He's always so after he has done a mischief — a plague on all such Brutes.

Willmore. By this Light I took her for an errant Harlot.

Belvile. Damn your debauched Opinion: tell me, Sot, hadst thou so much sense and light about thee to distinguish her to be a Woman, and could'st not see something about her Face and Person, to strike an awful Reverence into thy Soul?

Willmore. Faith no, I consider'd her as mere a Woman as I could wish.

Belvile. 'Sdeath I have no patience — draw, or I'll kill you.

Willmore. Let that alone till to-morrow, and if I set not all right again, use your Pleasure.

Belvile. To-morrow, damn it. The spiteful Light will lead me to no happiness. To-morrow is Antonio's, and perhaps Guides him to my undoing; — oh that I could meet This Rival, this powerful Fortunate.

Willmore. What then?

Belvile. Let thy own Reason, or my Rage instruct thee.

Willmore. I shall be finely inform'd then, no doubt; hear me, Colonel — hear me — shew me the Man and I'll do his Business.

Belvile. I know him no more than thou, or if I did, I should not need thy aid.

Willmore. This you say is Angelica's House, I promis'd the kind Baggage to lie with her to Night. [*Offers to go in.*]

Enter Antonio and his Page. Ant. knocks on the Hilt of his Sword.

Antonio. You paid the thousand Crowns I directed?

Page. To the Lady's old Woman, Sir, I did.

Willmore. Who the Devil have we here?

Belvile. I'll now plant my self under Florinda's Window, and if I find no comfort there, I'll die.

[Ex. Belv. and Fred.]

Enter Moretta.

Moretta. Page!

Page. Here's my Lord.

Willmore. How is this, a Piccaroon going to board my Frigate! here's one Chase-Gun for you.

[Drawing his Sword, justles Ant. who turns and draws. They fight, Ant. falls.]

Moretta. Oh, bless us, we are all undone!

[Runs in, and shuts the Door.]

Page. Help, Murder!

[Belvile returns at the noise of fighting.]

Belvile. Ha, the mad Rogue's engag'd in some unlucky Adventure again.

Enter two or three Masqueraders.

Masquerader. Ha, a Man kill'd!

Willmore. How! a Man kill'd! then I'll go home to sleep.

[Puts up, and reels out. Ex. Masquers another way.]

Belvile. Who shou'd it be! pray Heaven the Rogue is safe, for all my Quarrel to him.

[As Belvile is groping about, enter an Officer and six Soldiers.]

Soldier. Who's there?

Officer. So, here's one dispatcht — secure the Murderer.

Belvile. Do not mistake my Charity for Murder: I came to his Assistance.

[Soldiers seize on Belvile.]

Officer. That shall be tried, Sir. — St. Jago, Swords drawn in the Carnival time! *[Goes to Antonio.]*

Antonio. Thy Hand prithee.

Officer. Ha, Don Antonio! look well to the Villain there. —
How is't Sir?

Antonio. I'm hurt.

Belvile. Has my Humanity made me a Criminal?

Officer. Away with him.

Belvile. What a curst Chance is this!

[Ex. Soldiers with Belv.]

Antonio. This is the Man that has set upon me twice — carry
him to my Apartment till you have further Orders from me. *[To
the Officer.]*

[Ex. Ant. led.]